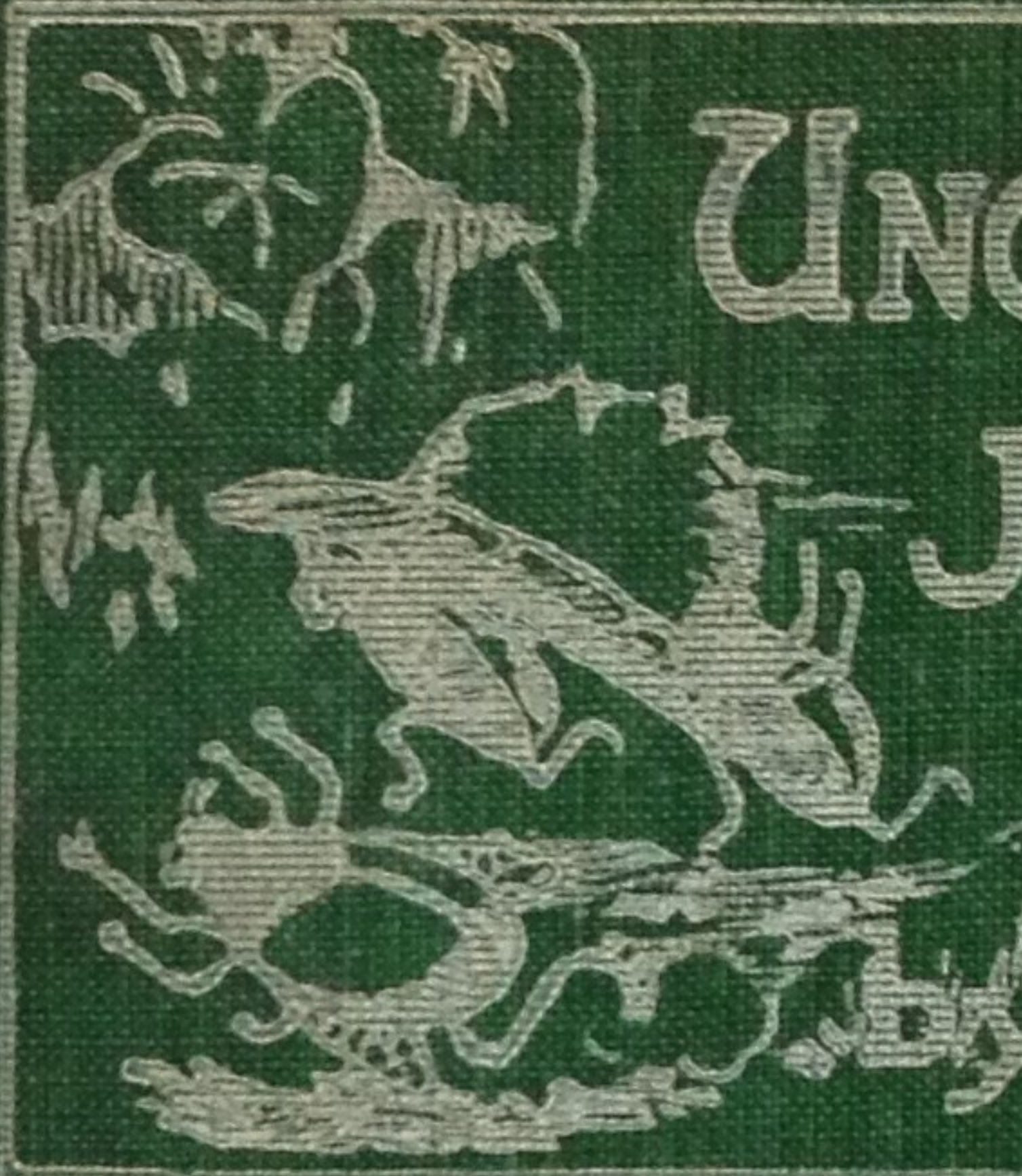


A stylized illustration in the top left corner of the title block. It depicts a rabbit-like creature on the left and a large, multi-legged bug-like creature on the right, both rendered in a hatched, woodcut style. They appear to be interacting with some foliage.

UNCLE WIGGILY'S

June Bug
Friends

by HOWARD R. GARIS





This little book
is from the library of



When you have read, and laughed with glee
Please bring this book right back to me.



JAMES
CAMPBELL



UNCLE WIGGILY'S JUNE BUG FRIENDS

or

HOW THE JUNE BUGS BROUGHT JOY TO UNCLE WIGGILY;
AND THE SKILLERY SCALLERY ALLIGATOR ALSO
HOW UNCLE WIGGILY PICKED SOME FLOWERS



TEXT BY
HOWARD R. GARIS

Author of THREE LITTLE TRIPPERTROTS and BED TIME STORIES

PICTURED BY
LANG CAMPBELL

NEWARK, N. J.

CHARLES E. GRAHAM & CO.
NEW YORK

IF YOU LIKE THIS FUNNY LITTLE PICTURE BOOK ABOUT THE
BUNNY RABBIT GENTLEMAN YOU MAY BE GLAD
TO KNOW THERE ARE OTHERS.

So if the spoon holder doesn't go down cellar and take the coal shovel away
from the gas stove, you may read

- 1 UNCLE WIGGILY'S AUTO SLED. ✓
- 2 UNCLE WIGGILY'S SNOW MAN.
- 3 UNCLE WIGGILY'S HOLIDAYS.
- 4 UNCLE WIGGILY'S APPLE ROAST.
- 5 UNCLE WIGGILY'S PICNIC.
- 6 UNCLE WIGGILY'S FISHING TRIP.
- 7 UNCLE WIGGILY'S JUNE BUG FRIENDS.
- 8 UNCLE WIGGILY'S VISIT TO THE FARM.
- 9 UNCLE WIGGILY'S SILK HAT.
- 10 UNCLE WIGGILY, INDIAN HUNTER.
- 11 UNCLE WIGGILY'S ICE CREAM PARTY.
- 12 UNCLE WIGGILY'S WOODLAND GAMES.
- 13 UNCLE WIGGILY ON THE FLYING RUG.
- 14 UNCLE WIGGILY AT THE BEACH.
- 15 UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE PIRATES.
- 16 UNCLE WIGGILY'S FUNNY AUTO.
- 17 UNCLE WIGGILY ON ROLLER SKATES.
- 18 UNCLE WIGGILY GOES SWIMMING.

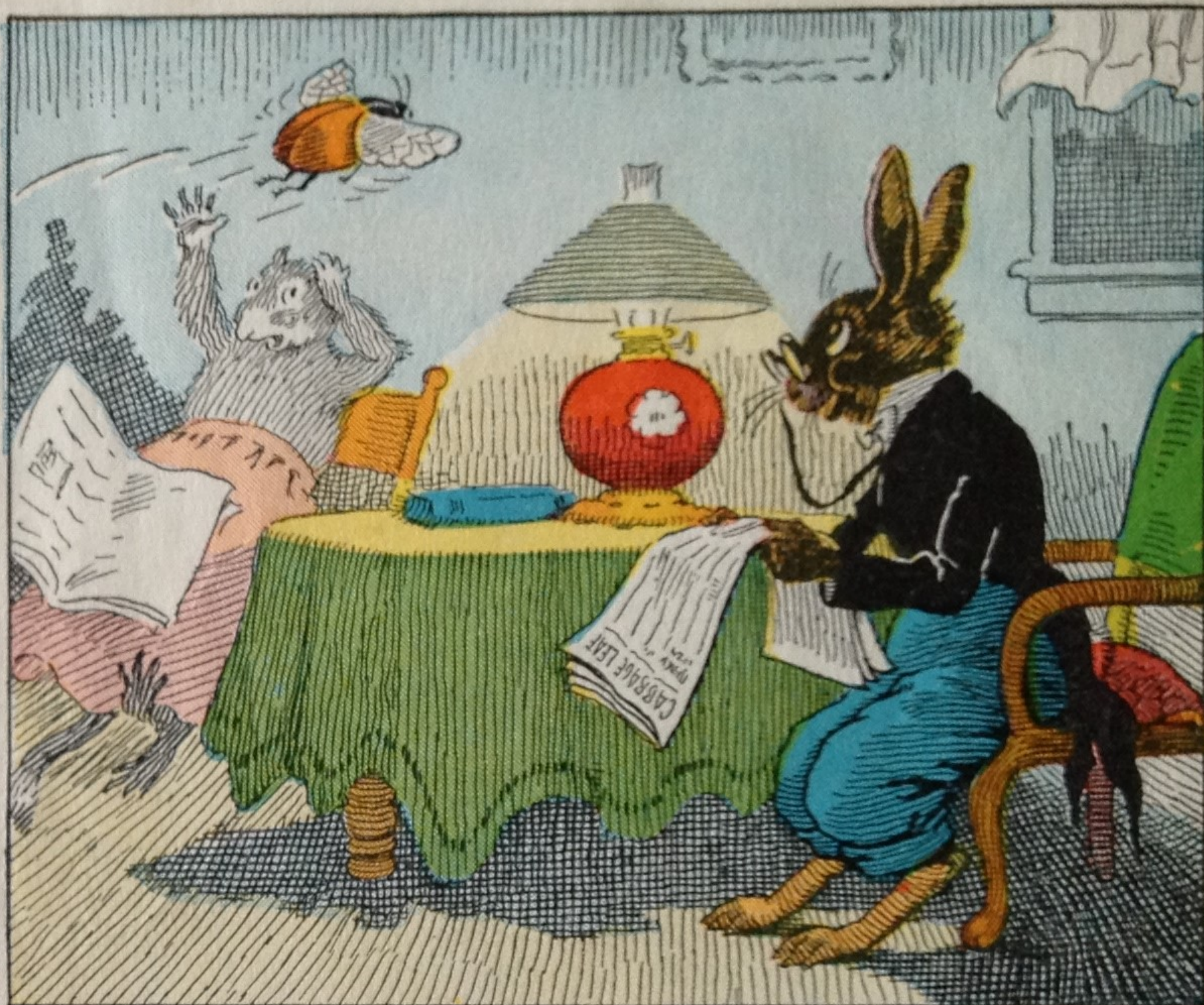
Every book has three stories, including the title story.

Uncle Wiggily



Made in U. S. A.

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One evening, after Uncle Wiggily, the nice bunny rabbit gentleman, had been out all day, looking in the woods for adventures, he came home to his hollow stump bungalow. He and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy sat down to read. It was a warm night and the window was open. All of a sudden there was a loud buzzing sound in the room. "What's that?" asked Uncle Wiggily, looking over his glasses. "Oh, it's a big June Bug!" cried Nurse Jane. "The largest I have even seen! Oh, if it gets tangled in my hair I'll never get it out!"



"Nonsense, Nurs. Jane! A June Bug cannot harm you," said Uncle Wiggily. But the muskrat lady grew very excited. She stood up on a chair and flapped her paper at the Bug. Uncle Wiggily took his tall silk hat in one paw and the tea strainer in the other and said he would catch the buzzing creature and let him sleep in the pansy bed. "There's no harm in him," said the bunny, "and who knows when you may want a June Bug to do you a favor?" After a while Uncle Wiggily caught the insect and gently put him to bed.



The next day, after Uncle Wiggily had been so kind to the June Bug, putting him in the pansy bed, the rabbit gentleman was out walking in the woods with Nannie and Billie Wagtail, the two goat children. "Tell us more about the funny June Bug, Uncle Wiggily," bleated Billie. "He was funny, but Nurse Jane was afraid of him," said Uncle Wiggily, laughing. "I caught him in the tea strainer and gave him some sugar. He said he would do me a favor some day, if he could. But wait a minute. That looks like danger ahead!"



Uncle Wiggily, Nannie and Billie Wagtail came to a stop just at the edge where some sticks were criss-crossed on the woodland path. The bunny thought it was a trap and it was. All of a sudden Uncle Wiggily, Billie and Nannie fell into a deep pit which the bad Bazumpus had dug, hoping to catch the bunny. "Oh, dear!" bleated the little goat girl. "If ever we wanted help it is now! Where is that June Bug, Uncle Wiggily?" Billie tried to scramble out by digging his horns in the side of the pit, but could not. Oh, what trouble!



After Uncle Wiggily, Billie and Nannie had tried to get out of the pit, only to find themselves slipping back all the while, they suddenly heard a buzzing sound up above them, and there was the June Bug. "I want to thank you again, Uncle Wiggily, for being so kind to me last night," buzzed the Bug. "I saw you fall into this pit, as I was flying away from your bungalow a little while ago. Now I am going to help you out." Billie Wagtail shook his horns. "I don't see how even a big June Bug can help us," he said. "Oh, dear!"



After the June Bug had looked down in the pit the Bazumpus had dug, the insect flew away, saying: "I'll soon be back with a lot of my sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles and aunts, and we'll get you out of the pit, Uncle Wiggily." The bunny said that would be very kind. So the June Bug fluttered his wings and whistled on his hind legs and hundreds of other bugs buzzed up to see what was the matter. "We must make a ladder of grass stems so Uncle Wiggily can get out of the pit," said the big June Bug.



Buzzing their wings, and weaving with their legs, the kind June Bugs soon made a long, strong grass ladder. "Now," said the big June Bug, "we will carry it to the pit, lower it down, fasten the upper end to a tree, and Uncle Wiggily, Nannie and Billie can climb out." The bad old Bazumpus, and his club, by which he hoped to knock some souse off Uncle Wiggily's ears, saw the bugs marching along with the grass ladder. "I wonder what they are going to do?" thought the bad chap. "I must watch and see."



Reaching the pit, in which were Uncle Wiggily and the goat children, the June Bugs fastened the ladder so it would not slip, and tossed the other end down in the hole. Then Nannie and Billie climbed up, and then it was Uncle Wiggily's turn. "See, Billie, I told you a June Bug could help us," said the bunny gentleman, as he got to the top of the pit. "But who dug that hole?" asked Mr. Longears. "It was the Bazumpus!" buzzed the largest June Bug. "Yes, and there he is now!" cried Nannie, as she saw the bad creature. "Look!"



As soon as the rabbit was safely out of the pit, the biggest June Bug cried: "Now, my friends, since we have saved Uncle Wiggily and paid him back for the favor he did me, chase the Bazumpus!" And all the Bugs chased the bad chap, tickling him with long spears of grass so that he ran away as fast as he could go. Nannie and Billie danced for joy because their bunny uncle was saved, and Mr. Longears shook paws with the big June Bug and invited him to come to dinner that day. So everybody was happy but the Bazumpus.

And if the ironing board doesn't jump on the back of the horse radish, and ride into the blue water of the laundry tubs, the next pictures and story will tell how



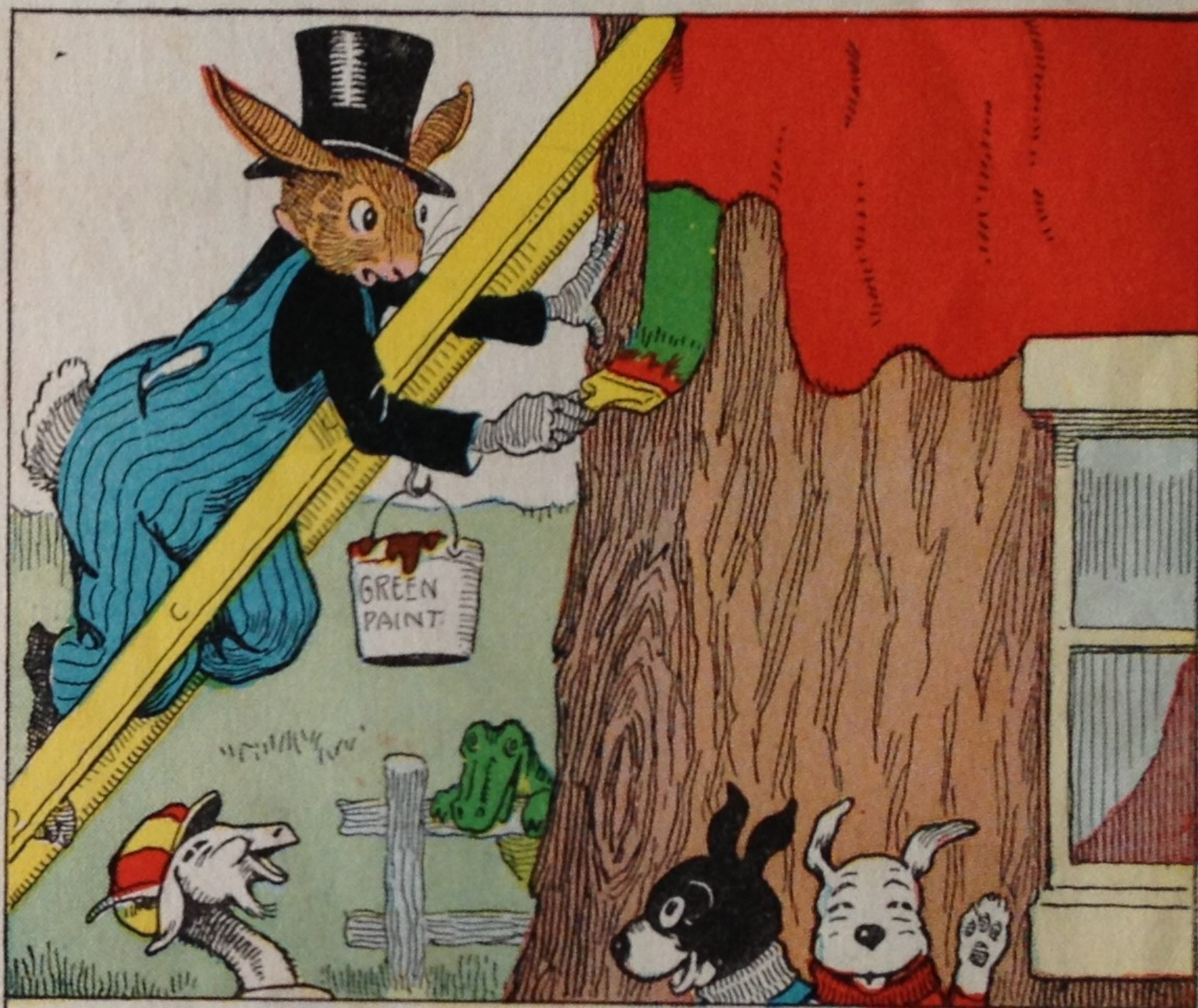
UNCLE WIGGILY PAINTED HIS
BUNGALOW: SEE THE LADDER SLIP! SEE THE
LADDER FALL! BUT DEAR OLD UNCLE WIGGILY WAS
SCARCELY SCRATCHED AT ALL! BUT THE ALLIGATOR! OH MY!



"Nurse Jane ought to like the bungalow much better after I paint it sky blue pink," said Uncle Wiggily as he stood on a ladder putting some dabs of color on his hollow stump house. "I hope nothing happens when I am up here. If I should fall in the pots of paints I'd look like some scrambled Easter eggs." Uncle Wiggily had used up nearly all the color in one pot when he saw Billie Wagtail, the goat, and Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow coming along. "I'll ask one of them to hand me another pot of paint," said the bunny.



"Hello, boys!" called Uncle Wiggily, as Billie, Jackie and Peetie came near. "Will one of you please hand me up another pot of red paint? My can is almost empty." Billie the goat said he'd bring up some red paint, but, instead, just for a joke, he took up some green paint to Uncle Wiggily. "Won't he be surprised when he starts daubing green paint over where he put the red," said Jackie to Peetie. "It will be a good joke," agreed Peetie. "But I hope he doesn't get mad at us."



Uncle Wiggily was so busy talking to Billie, Jackie and Peetie that the bunny rabbit never noticed the color of the paint the goat boy handed up to him. And, before he knew it, Mr. Longears had daubed some green color on where it ought to have been red. "Oh my! Nurse Jane will not like this a bit!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I did it for a joke!" laughed Billie. "Wait a minute and I'll hand you up the right color." Nearer and nearer came the skillery-scallery alligator.



All of a sudden, as Billie was getting ready to take up the right pot of red paint, up rushed the funny old skillery scallery alligator, with the double jointed tail. "Ah ha, Mr. Longears! At last I have you!" cried the 'gator. "Come down off that ladder until I nibble a bit of your souse!" Uncle Wiggily was so surprised that he spilled some paint on Jackie, Peetie and Billie. But still the bunny rabbit gentleman would not come down to have his souse nibbled.



"Well, if you won't come down nice and pretty when I tell you to, so I may have some of your souse, I'll make you tumble!" said the bad 'gator to Uncle Wiggily. Then the unpleasant chap yanked the ladder out from the side of the hollow stump bungalow and the bunny rabbit gentleman began to fall. "Oh, I am almost sure I am going to have an adventure this time!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Something is going to happen!" And Billie, Jackie and Peetie thought the same thing.



The skillery scallery alligator pulled the ladder so hard, hoping to make Uncle Wiggily fall, that the ladder toppled into a tree near by. Uncle Wiggily gave a jump and landed on one of the branches. "Are you coming down out of that and let me nibble your souse?" asked the snippy-snappy 'gator. Uncle Wiggily said he was not. "Then with my rough nutmeg grater tail I'll saw down the tree and get you anyhow," snarled the bad chap. "I'll saw the tree down and get your souse!"



"Indeed I am not coming down and let you have any of my souse!" said Uncle Wiggily to the bad 'gator at the foot of the tree. "Very well then, now I'll begin to saw!" gargled the bad chap. So with his tail, which was just like a saw, he began to cut down the tree. "Oh, we must save Uncle Wiggily!" whispered Billie the goat. "Yes, but how can we?" asked Jackie. "I know," barked Peetie. "We'll paint the alligator's tail red, and he'll think he has the nose-bleed!"



All of a sudden, when the alligator had the tree almost sawed through, and it was beginning to fall with Uncle Wiggily in it, the three animal boys rushed up with their pots of paint. "Splatter him good!" barked Jackie, and he and Peetie and Billie splashed different kinds of paint on the bad 'gator. "Oh my goodness me!" grunted the skillery scallery chap. "This will spoil my complexion! This is no place for me! I'll get Uncle Wiggily's souse some other time, I guess."

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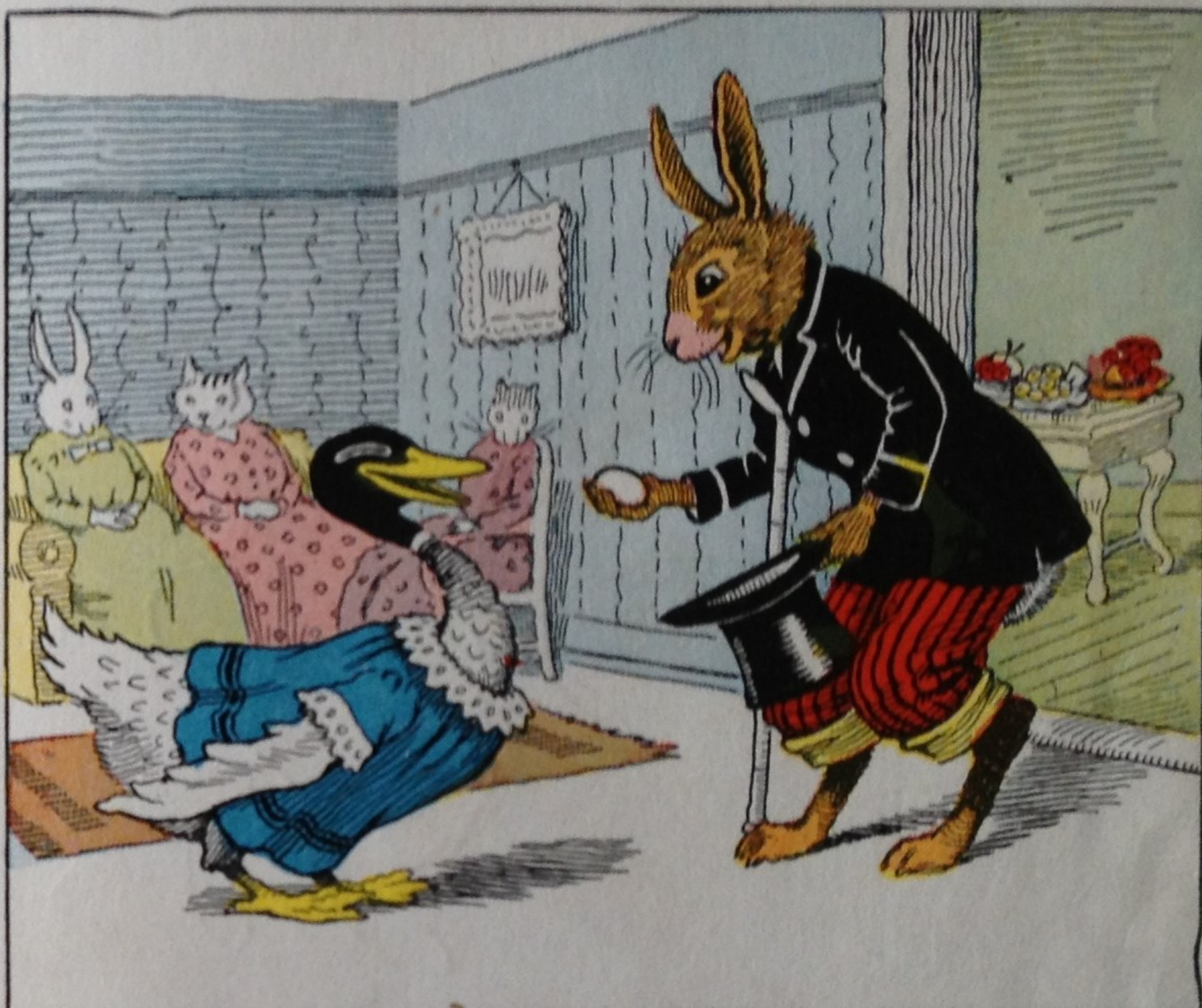


Jackie, Peetie and Billie splashed so much paint on the 'gator, even putting some in his eyes, that the bad chap was glad enough to run away. He looked like a broken piece of the rainbow. Uncle Wiggily easily got down out of the fallen tree, and he felt so happy, at saving his souse, that he danced a jig around the paint pots with the doggies and the goat. "Well I never!" exclaimed Nurse Jane. "This is a funny way to paint a red bungalow green, Uncle Wiggily!" But the bunny gentlemen only laughed.

And if the slice of bread doesn't try to jump out from under the butter, and
let the jam fall on the table cloth, the next
pictures and story will tell how



UNCLE WIGGILY PICKED SOME MAY
FLOWERS. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM,
BUT THE ANIMAL BOYS DID. OH, WHAT A SHAME! JUST LOOK!



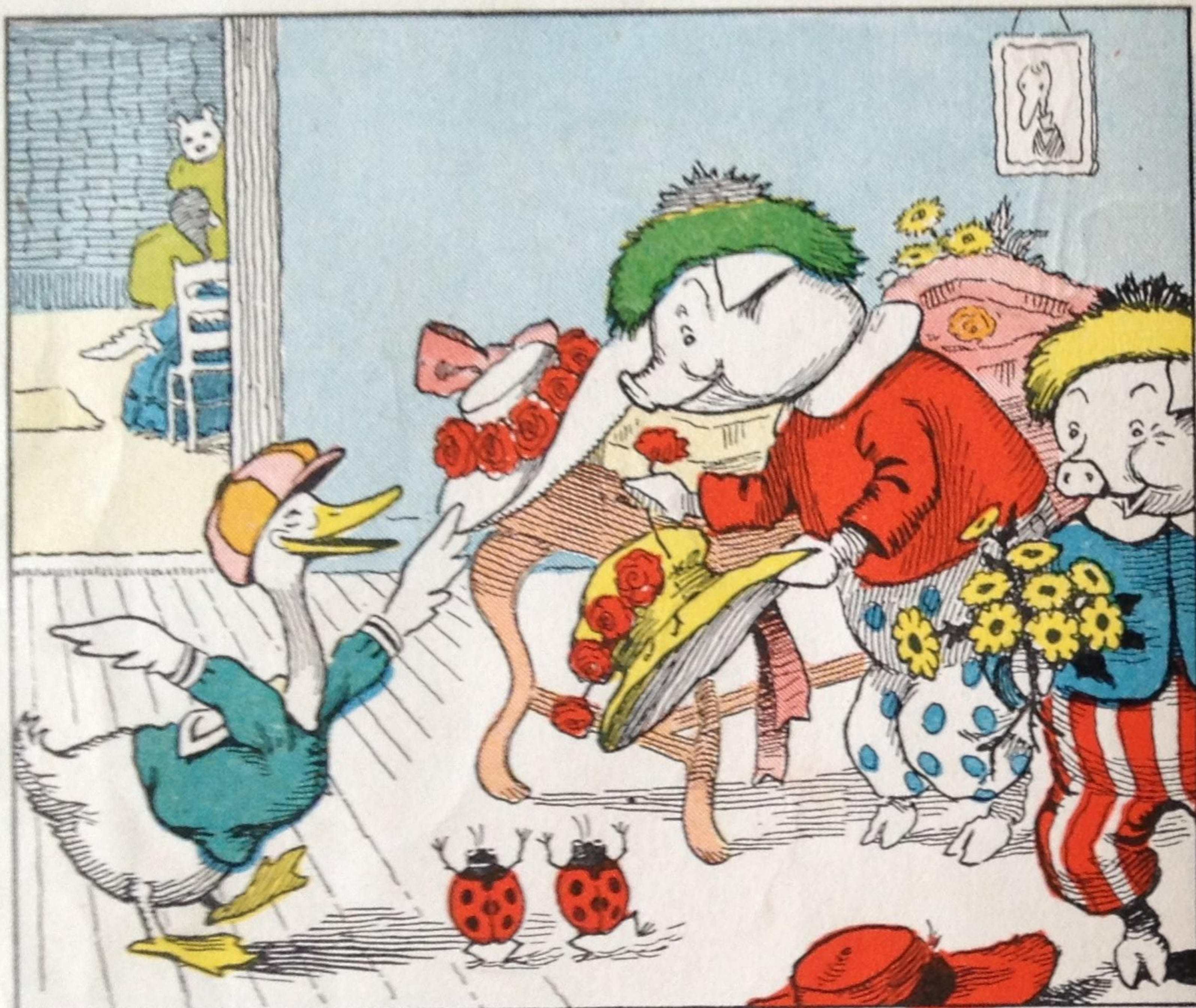
One day Uncle Wiggily Longears stopped at the home of Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady. Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy had asked the bunny gentleman to call and return an egg she had borrowed. Uncle Wiggily found Mrs. Littletail, the rabbit, Mrs. Bushytail, the squirrel, Mrs. Bow Wow, the dog lady, and Mrs. Kat, the pussy lady, at Mrs. Wibblewobble's house. "Is this a party?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Oh, no," said Mrs. Wibblewobble, "but I could make it one if I had a few nice May blossoms." Uncle Wiggily said he'd get some.



Uncle Wiggily went into the early, green spring woods. He began looking at the ground. Pretty soon he met Jimmie Wobblewobble, the duck, and Curly and Floppy Twistytail, the two piggy boys. "What are you looking for, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Floppy. "For some nice May flowers to make pretty bouquets so Mrs. Wobblewobble can have them for her little reception party," answered the bunny. "But, boys, I am sorry to say I haven't yet found a single blossom." The animal boys felt sad for Uncle Wiggily.



"Hey, fellows, I know how we can have some fun!" quacked Jimmie the duck. "How?" asked Curly, while Floppy balanced a stick and a leaf on the end of his nose, like a juggler in the circus. "Uncle Wiggily will never find any flowers in the woods. It is too early," said Jimmie. "But near my house are a lot of ladies hats, with some dandy flowers on. We could take some off, plant 'em in the woods where Uncle Wiggily would find them and then he'd be happy." The two piggie boys said that would be fun. Now let's see.



Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck boy, meaning no harm, of course, led Curly and Floppy back to his house. Mrs. Wibblewobble and her animal lady friends were so busy talking that they did not notice what the boys did. The boys began pulling the pretty blossoms off the hats. "We'll stick them in the ground among the trees, and lead Uncle Wiggily to them," quacked Jimmie. "He'll think they're real blossoms and he'll pick a big bouquet." Floppy laughed and Curly said: "We ought to put perfume on 'em and make 'em smell."



After Jimmie, Curly and Floppy had pulled from the ladies' hats as many of the make-believe flowers as they wanted, the animal boys hurried off to the woods again. "I'll get my mother's perfume atomizer bottle and we'll make the flowers smell as sweet as real ones," grunted Floppy. And in the picture you see how the animal chaps planted the artificial flowers in the green moss of the woods. Floppy sprayed some lovely perfume over them, so that they smelled just as real as anything. Meanwhile Uncle Wiggily was out of luck.



After Jimmie the duck, and the two piggie boys had planted the make-believe flowers, and had sprayed them with perfume, they ran off through the trees and found Uncle Wiggily. "Oh, come with us!" quacked Jimmie. "We know where there are some lovely flowers you can pick for the reception party at my house!" "It is very kind of you boys," said the rabbit gentleman. "I have been looking all over for May flowers, but could not find any." And when Jimmy, Curly and Floppy pointed to the blossoms the bunny felt very jolly.



Uncle Wiggily began picking a bouquet of what he thought were real flowers for Mrs. Wibblewobble. He filled one paw with a big bunch of the artificial blossoms. "How nice and sweet they smell!" said the bunny, holding a rose to his nose. "We are glad you like them," quacked Jimmie, politely. "Don't let Uncle Wiggily see that perfume bottle, Floppy!" grunted Curly in a whisper. Floppy hid the atomizer behind his back and Uncle Wiggily kept on picking flowers. All this while Mrs. Wibblewobble and the ladies were talking.



After Uncle Wiggily had picked a big bouquet of what he thought were sweet-smelling May flowers, he took them to Mrs. Wibblewobble. The ladies were still talking. "Please accept these May posies which I picked in the woods for you, Mrs. Wibblewobble," said Uncle Wiggily with a polite bow. "Oh, how lovely and kind of you!" quacked the duck lady, as she took the blossoms. "And how lovely they smell. Just like perfume!" All of a sudden Mrs. Little-tail looked out in the room where the hats had been left. Oh, dear!



"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" quacked Mrs. Wibblewobble, as she looked at her hat. "Oh, Uncle Wiggily! How could you be so cruel?" The bunny gentleman did not know what to say. Just then Mrs. Littletail saw the animals running away. "Did they show you where to get the May flowers, Uncle Wiggily?" asked the rabbit lady. "Yes," answered Mr. Longears. "Oh, the little rascals!" quacked Mrs. Wibblewobble. "It wasn't Uncle Wiggily's fault at all, and we can sew the flowers back on our hats." And this they did.



When you have finished reading this nice little book, perhaps you would like to read a larger volume about Uncle Wiggily.

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